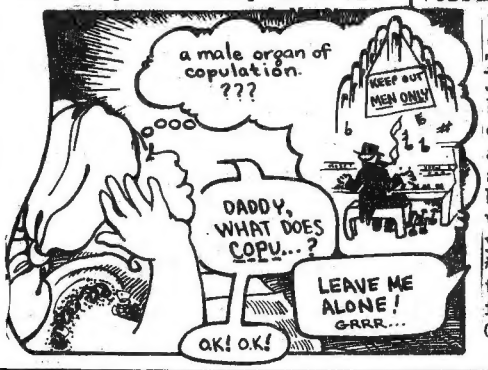
HE'S KEEPIN THE X IN COMIX!
JOIN UP
ALL BUT FORGOTTEN IN SOME GOD FORSAKEN HOLE... HE'S A GUY LIKE YOU OR ME. BUT HES GOT IDEAS TOO BIG FOR HIS HEAD... HES GOTTA GET 'EM DOWN ON PAPER ...NO MATTER WHAT THE COST! HE'S A CARTOONIST!
JOIN HIM IN THE FRONT LINES OF THE COMIX EXPERIENCE...
WITH CLAY GEERDES'
COMIX WORLD
©DOUG HANSEN 1978

Press and Last Gasp Comix are in San Francisco, while Comix and Comics and Star* Reach Productions are in Berkeley. The other major company, Krupp Comic Works, is in Wisconsin. While most ug titles were one-shots, a few continuing titles have evolved over the past half-decade. Among these are Zap, Slow Death, Snarf, Star* Reach, Quack! and Bizarre Sex. With a few exceptions, most of the artists who drew the early ugs are still in the field. A lot of re-grouping has occurred and many artists have found collaboration amenable. The Freak Brothers and Fat Freddy's Cat stories are now co-produced by Gilbert Shelton and David Sheridan. At Fast-Draw Studios in San Francisco, Ted Richards and J. Michael Leonard often work together on strip and story material

JONI ROXTARR! THE BEACON OF THIS MUSICAL AGE? THE MOST DYNAMIC TALENT IN THIRTY YEARS? WOW!
HUH! METHINKS SKYWALKER STILL LACKS SOMETHING OF THE DIGNITY REQUIRED OF A FULL SORCERESS...

like the Mellow Cat series now running monthly in Skateboarder. Trina and Steve Leiloha have begun to collaborate & their most recent story, "Drug Fiends of the Martian Moon" appears in Imagine #2. In that same issue, "Black Crow" combines the writing talent of Pudge artist Lee Marrs with the artwork of Mike Vosburg.* The most ambitious comic project of the seventies is The First Kingdom of Jack Katz, the 8th book of which came out in July. Simon and Schuster published the first six books in a single volume earlier this year.* Nard 'n Pat #1 returned to print this month. It was first published by Cartoonists Co-op.




COMIX WORLD 100. July 15, 1978. Copyright Clay Geerdes, Box 7081, Berkeley, CA 94707. All Rights Reserved. Logo by Doug Hansen. Preview art on this page is copyrighted by the artist concerned. Top to bottom: Mike Vosburg, Joyce Farmer, Trina/Steve Leiloha, Jay Lynch. Subs: $5.50 for 24. Ad rates on request.* Some history: CW began as a column in Richard Kyle's Graphic Story World. It appeared subsequently as a regular column in numerous underground newspapers. The first logo drawn specifically for CW was done by Carl Spahn and ran in John Bryan's San Francisco Phoenix. Kim Deitch did the second logo. It ran in Phoenix and on the first newsletter.

The first underground comix convention took place in Berkeley April 20-22, 1973, and the first issue of CW came out that October, a single sheet, two sided, 8 1/2 x 11" on blue paper. Since that time, CW has expanded to cover comix from all over the world. The Bay Area continues to be headquarters for the majority of the ug and alternative comix produced in America. Rip Off

Controversial since its inception, WET SATIN continues in the feminine erotic vein with the second issue. Those of you who have picked up on Anais Nin's collection of porn, Delta of Venus, may find the fantasies in WET SATIN pretty tame. Joey Epstein's eighteen methods of castrating men may be considered female fantasy, but I found it scary. Couple of nice pantomimic stories by Trina. Nice word play by Farmer in The Best Parts where a little girl tries to figure out what sexual organs are. Men are the sex objects in Mary Williams' Those Beautiful Babes in Their Bain De Soleil. Frontcover by Lee Marrs, back by Petchesky. $1.25.* Star Reach has come out with Alter Ego 11, which contains a long interview between Mike Friedrich and Moebius and another between Roy Thomas and the late Bill Everett. $1.50.

A NEW COMIC BOOK IS OUT —WITH—:
OUTRAGE
COMBAT
EERIE ENCOUNTERS
BLACK MAGIC
WEIRDNESS
A LITTLE SLAPSTICK
DARK DESTINY
AVAILABLE AT—'KING'S', 'COMICS AND COMIX', AND 'BEST OF TWO WORLDS' IN BERKELEY — AT 'GRAPHIC FANTASY' IN OAKLAND.
PRICED AT $1.25

Jim Pinkoski has done most of the work on Magic Carpet 2, being editor of that publication. "Allay Continuity" was written by Eric Vinicoff & Marcia Martin & drawn by Brent Anderson. #3 on the way.* The Berkeley Comic Art Fair will be September 23 at Ashkenaz! See you there.

STAR REACH
SUPPORTS
COMIX WORLD

NO.100

RANDOM NOTES: Summer means neighborhood street fairs all over the Bay Area. The entertainment is free and attracts people to areas they wouldn't ordinarily see to buy a lot of crafts junk they wouldn't ordinarily buy, useless luxury items like macrame hangers for flower pots and stained-glass clocks. The prices are for the rich. Why wouldn't they be? Someone who is hustling redwood tables and batik sheets doesn't have me in mind as a customer. You, maybe, if you're a rich collector. I go to everything. Just to be going. I rarely see anything new or interesting at the fairs. In fact, they bug me. All that stuff produced for the wealthy who don't need it or appreciate it. And it's done by people who like the post as "artist." The fairs are a farce. Nothing happens but selling. There is no sense of community. No games. No personalized entertainment. It's all hustle. $2 for a goddamned hamburger (called Falafel, but it's a little dab of meat with some lettuce and tomato crammed in a piece of pitta bread)! $1 a hotdog. 65¢ for a frozen yogurt cone, yogurt being hipper to eat than ice cream therefore those who sell it can shake down us suckers for more bread. Ah, the great organic hustle. The ecology movement forced all the bigtime bakeries to paste the word natural on their crapola so we clean-food-freaks would buy it. Walking around the Polk Gulch fair this weekend (July 1 and 2) was like drifting through the leftovers of the sixties. The Street Artists fought for the right to sell in the streets. They formed a guild and tried to keep out the schlock hustlers. Only goods made by hand. No factory stuff. Well, all the factory stuff is out there now. All those belt buckles and all that machine-made jewelry. Goodbye idealism. Polk Gulch is mostly gay territory now. Gays have come out of the closets of the earth and moved to the Bay Area where sexual tolerance surpasses other states. 240,000 people made the Gay Parade on June 25th this year, and we, the hetero minority, stood about here and there in Civic Center, listening to the heavy speeches of gay men and women. I heard men saying "Civil Rights or Civil War." I watch the straight sons of longhaired hip daddies. Punk rockers. Short hairs. Leather coats and macho postures. Where the sixties hung loose, the punks hang tight. All of us who used to go around saying "Don't trust anyone over thirty" are now over thirty and the punks don't trust us. The majority of the people in the Bay Area are single and under 25 and a large percentage are gay. Gay is not simple anymore. It has become political. Which is logical. After all, as a heterosexual, I can sit in my car and kiss a woman without fear of police harassment or arrest (I think), but this isn't true for gay people, who are scapegoats and targets all over America. There was a lot of anger in that Civic Center rally, young anger, the kind that takes to the streets. I had not felt this kind of emotional outrage around me since the Moratorium in Golden Gate Park in 1969 when over a hundred thousand people were chanting, "Hell no, we won't go! Bring the troops home now!" I was eating breakfast in Zim's on Market Street with a woman friend just before the parade and group after group of gay men passed by. One looked right in the window at us and flexed his muscle, his lips forming the words GAY POWER. There we were, a group of condemned old-fashioned heterosexuals eating our eggs. I live near the Indian Rock in Berkeley and one night I heard some teenagers yelling, "Get outa that car, you filthy heterosexuals!" No doubt, they were joking with some friends, but the time may come when this is a reality. One generation is upset when the children let their hair grow and the next is just as upset when the children cut theirs off or paint it green. Sensitive hip parents are advised to stay away from the Mabuhay Gardens (home of San Francisco punkdom). Let's take a little break here and welcome Paul Krassner back to the fold. I knew when I visited the plush suite of offices known as Flynt Productions down in Century City in L. A. that it wasn't the place for a wiggy character like Krassner. He had a secretary, for God's sake. I went in to see him and I had to get his secretary's permission! Far out. So now some businessman, organizational type will move into that office and HUSTLER will become something other than the insane mag Paul might have made of it with a free hand. Back to THE REALIST! Time for a reality break.

I just saw GREASE. What a Travolting experience that was. The fifties a la Archie Comics. If you're a believer and didn't live through the fifties, I hate to break your illusions, but the Fonzies I remember were complete assholes and there was nothing funny about them. They were nothing like the hot-shot dancers Travolta and his gang become in GREASE. The hoods dropped out of high school and hung out in bars and pool halls or local garages. They formed a sub-culture of their own and did not mix with the high school squares (as you can read in books like Irving Shulman's The Amboy Dukes and Cry Tough, immediate predecessors to The West Side Story and Rebel Without a Cause). As for a foreign girl walking into an American high school and getting elected cheerleader in her first semester--no way. And a cheerleader wouldn't be seen dead with a hood. It's amusing the way films like Lords of Flatbush and Saturday Night Fever and Grease make heroes out of assholes. Guys like Fonzie were a lot of laughs in the fifties when they were beating other people to death with tire chains or shooting them with zip guns. As for their being tougher than the football players, they weren't. In the real fifties, if Travolta had come on to a cheerleader, one of the jocks would have kicked the shit out of him and thrown him off the campus. The jocks always see themselves as the protectors of that clique of pretty girls that makes up the pep club and the cheerleading squad. GREASE is filled with stereotyped characters, none of whom are developed, and it has none of the feel of authenticity one got from films like American Graffitti or Lords of Flatbush, because it is filled with anachronisms and outright lies. AnF to whoever did the research. GREASE is an overdone and over-long version of one segment of the old television series, OUR MISS BROOKS. Sight gags and imitation fifties songs (in no way as good as the vintage stuff by Ritchie Valens, Buddy Holly, The Big Bopper, Everly Brothers, Elvis, Danny and The Juniors, et al.). It's gaudy, pretentious, and over-hyped. Travolta does nothing but mugg his way through, and Olivia Newton-John must really need the bucks to accept such a plastic nothing role. C.G.

SF EXAMINER 4 July 78:

WASHINGTON (AP) — The Supreme Court ruled today that the Federal Communications Commission may restrict the broadcast of indecent language over the airwaves.

The court said the FCC lacked the power to censor broadcasts in advance. But it upheld the power of the commission to punish use of "dirty words" over the airwaves.

The court ruled in favor of the FCC in a case involving the use of seven words depicting sexual and excretory functions that were in a recorded monologue by comedian George Carlin broadcast over radio station WBAI in New York City.

The words in question are blunt, commonly used terms for copulation, defecation, urine, breasts, female genitals one who performs fellatio and one who commits maternal incest.

The FCC received a complaint from a man who said his young son heard the broadcast over their car radio one afternoon.

The FCC said the seven words were indecent and banned their use on the air at times when children might be listening.

MEANWHILE IN THE S.F CHRONICLE:

Carlin, whose comedy routine began it all, said that the court "just took another little part out of the First Amendment."

The seven words he used in the routine were fuck, shit, piss, motherfucker, cocksucker, cunt and tit.

A.P. & U.P.

WORD GAMES. Since I was an only child until the age of four, I led a fairly sheltered life, and was not exposed to graphic language until I entered the larger world of grammar school. It was there that I heard the first of the "Dirty Seven" for the first time. Having no idea what it meant, I went home and asked my mom. Now, instead of giving me a simple answer, she reacted violently, demanding to know where I had heard such a word. What kind of children was I associating with? I learned, naturally, not what "fuck" meant, but that it was something negative, horrible, bad, definitely not done by polite folks. As I continued my studies in that working class elementary school, I was to learn the rest of the Dirty Seven, along with lots of others Comedian George Carlin never bothered to include in his act. As I grew up, I adjusted to the two worlds, the polite one of my mother and the raunchy world of my peers. As an adult, I approve of the foulest language possible & am opposed to the repressive attitude that leads to psychological hang-ups. The 7 are only words & do no harm.